



THE STORME
 RAISED
 BY M^r WALLER
 IN HIS VERSES VPON THAT
 WHICH HAPENED ABOUT THEIR
 PROTECTOVRS DEATH;
 ALLAYED
 IN A DOVBLE ANSWER,
 ONE
 BY THE AVTHOVR
 OF
 THE ANTI-PANEGYRIKE.

Ἀεχμίων μέλιον ἔχεις πλὺ γαστέρα;
 ὦ Αἰαξ Ἀπολλοι, τῶν ἐπῶν ὡς εὐματῶν
 καταχθῆσι πηγαί, θωδ' ἐκακῶτον σῶμα,
 Ἰλιόσδε ἐν φάρυγγι, τί αἶ ἐποιμή σοι;
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἐπ' ἔβουε τις αὐτῷ τὸ σῶμα,
 ἄπῳτ' αὖ τέντε κατὰ κλύσεσσι ποτὶ ἡμᾶσι.





APOSTSCRIPT TO M^r WALLER
B E I N G

*The feigned Charge of a faire Lady, With too much
truth; traversd' To a foule Courtisan.*

ASTROPH : & STEL :


——— For Tyrants make folkes bow :
Of foule rebellion then I doe appeach thee now ;
Rebell by Natures law, Rebell by law of Reason.
Thou sweetest subject wert borne in y^e Realme of Love,
And yet against thy Prince thy force do'st dayly prove :
No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of I reason.
But valiant Rebells oft in fooles mouths purchase fame ;
I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame.







A SOLEMNE & SERIOUS
ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE READER.

 H^e ingenious gentleman whose verses give you entrance into the *Panegyrike*, point out *the pitifull Authour* of y^e piece, by what instances he thought fit, part of which I am not acquainted with, but toke my aime at his person by *Common Fame* the Interpreter of the two letters he præfixeth, and y^e Reporter of some circumstances, at the *sacrificing* unto his *Idol*, which argue rather a degeneration and dejection of his spirit, then any considerable aggravation of his *crime*. So great a name (for some excellencies heretofore held in such deserved account) having the reputation of it, I may by many of good ranke be censured' for offering at a *sentence upon his life*, or at least for degrading him from the priuiledge of a *Scaffold*: but such tender Hearts are addouced rather by y^e smoothnesse of his straine, then honourably incensed at the severity of his matter, which, like a deluding streame, more dangerously undermines the bankes of his *Prince's* interest, then a bolder torrent that attempts to invade his territories by a deluge: My indignation at that *treacherie* prohibites me to retract what extremitie has passd' my pen: and my observation of his *second lapse*, after a seeming recovery (as I charitably interpreted) in some measure from his first, renders him in my present opinion, more then halfe desperate, & them most unsecure (if any loyaltie they have left) who, in greater confidence then assurance, are still fond of his conversation: for that unspirited gentleman, who so pusillanimously has twice forfeited his fidelity and honour, to
set

TO THE READER.

set a foile on his flatterie, when the *Tyrants* eares stand wide open; will never refraine a new adventure to bestray his friend, you may have long since read his *poëme* & discours'd of it as you are affected. I have now a fresh presented it with my descant to yo^r review, but in more earnest thrust upon you my ensuing *prosaicke glosses*, desiring you seriously to deliberate what may be y^e danger, as you will easily observe (if neither *covenanted* nor *engaged*) what is the vilenesse of it.

1. In blaspheming God, by drawing his providence into y^e positive contrivance of all the *Vsurpers* villainies, frauds, cruelties, & other impious meanes he used to accomplish his ambitious ends, which he applaudes, in the successe, as the greatest hapinesse Heaven had in store for a peculiar People under its chiefe regard, & a most certaine demonstration of his being signally in Gods favour & election for it.

2. In transferring (what in him lyes) y^e Imperiall power over the English Nation unto a *Vassal* of it, in the title of his Poëme, and quitting his allegiance by delivering himselfe up to the protection of a *Rebell*.

3. Marke his abominable contradiction, in making y^e *Great Apollyon* a Restorer of his Countrey, & a glorious state, of what the World beholds a *Scene of misery and blond*.
St. 4.

4. His intolerable flattery in extolling that for a Court of Iustice and succour unto the oppressed, from whence issue the Edicts of all injustice and cruelty, & that devoted *Wretch* a Proteſtour of the World, who has practiz'd *rapine* on every Canton he could come at. St. 8.

5. His Paralleling the *purchased successes* of a *daring Rebell* to y^e cleare victories and generous conquests of three Martiall Princes, and y^e *sainted blond* of a *partisan* to y^e Royall current in their veines. St. 18.

His

TO THE READER.

55 6. His chaining y^e native liberty of y^e Scotch & Irish to
 ,, the arbitrary pleasure & insolence of a wanton *Tyrant*,
 ,, whom he will have 'em thanke for the courtesie of being
 ,, ownd' his slaves. *St.* 4.

,, 7. His senselesse attributing clemencie, mercy & civil-
 ,, tie, to that *monster of men*, whose policie & power has been
 ,, dayly employed in ensnaring & torturing the Nobility &
 ,, Gentry of His Maties party, that would not abjure & desert
 ,, their loyalty and his just cause: and urging them to a for-
 ,, feiture of lives, liberties & estates, according to the tenour
 ,, of his inhumane ordinances and lawlesse lawes. *St.* 28, 29.
 ,, 30. 31. 32.

,, 8. His subtile insinuation to withdraw them from their
 ,, allegiance, & invite their submission to this *degenerated*
 ,, *Creature*, by the antiquitie of his extraⁿcion, together with
 ,, an irrationall opinion of his maintaining & illustrating
 ,, their priviledges and honours: when as y^e Nobilitie of no
 ,, Nation ever had such reproach & indignitie offerd' them,
 ,, by vesting mechanike & meane-borne persons with æqui-
 ,, valent titles & much more then æquivalent authoritie,
 ,, countenancing them in precedence, and (litle becoming
 ,, the extraⁿcion he pretends to) permitting these *mushrome*
 ,, mere excrements or excrescences of his soile so frequently
 ,, to affront 'em, & insult upon their persons. *St.* 32.

,, 9. His masking a desire of a more early *rebellion*, with a
 ,, wonder it was deferred. *St.* 33.

,, 10. His prophane comparing *Cromwells* necessitous & me-
 ,, lancholike retirements, with H. Davids contemplative
 ,, pastorall privacie, as if y^e integritie of both had been the
 ,, same in their recesses & y^e method of their lives alike or-
 ,, derd' to the like end by y^e disposition of heaven. *St.* 34.

,, 11. His putting the effects of a *restlesse ambition* upon the
 ,, call of his Countrey, which in truth was the call of his

TO THE READER.

„ *Armie* or y^e *rebellious Citie* præinstructed by himselfe; & the
 „ *Highnesse* he has obtaind' preserv'd to Him by no affection of
 „ the people, but by terror of the sword. St. 35.

„ 12. His fallacious languaging *an awd' silence of subdued*
 „ *Soules*, satisfaction of state, or cessation of its distemper.
 „ St. 36.

„ 13. His endeavour to disparage Christian fortitude and
 „ honourable indignation against y^e *Tyrants* proceedings, mi-
 „ scalling it Envie; & magnifying y^e issues of his *cruelty* &
 „ *cofenages* for Vertue. St. 37.

„ 14 His terrifying Heroike spirits, whose conscience and
 „ courage might instigate them to execute seasonable iustice
 „ by the *poniard*, upon Him that hath wrought all injustice by
 „ the *sword*, with an apprehension of renewing a civile war-
 „ re to be prosecuted in blood and rage; whereas no sure pea-
 „ ce can ever otherwise be expected; nor pay they lesse for an
 „ *uncertaine truce*, or *faint intermission*, then a subjection of
 „ *lives, fortunes, families, honours, reason, religion*, all that can
 „ be held dearest by Christians, or men, to the luxurious *ty-*
 „ *rannie* of a *Paricide & Impostour*. St. 38. 39.

„ 15. His paganizing with H. Scripture, in an invocation
 „ of his *apostate Muses*, the proper Deities of his devotion,
 „ bidding defiance to God and King, in declaring a reso-
 „ lution to set up a solemn trophie for the *ruine of the best*
 „ *Church*, & *assassinate of y^e best Prince* since Constantine & y^e
 „ Canon of that Age. St. 44.

„ 16. His first addresse (which for no improper reasons I
 „ charge last) by a *traitourous* reflection upon the most *scene*
 „ *Masie of his King*, who must be *the foe* he meanes, from
 „ whom, it seemes, he desires his guilty selfe & the abused
 „ people of the three nations should be still protected. This
 „ Stanz. 1. beside the undeserved diminution he must needs
 „ intend, by consequence or implication, in extolling so fre-
 „ quently the *Vsurpers* singular magnanimitie & dexteritie in
 „ govern-

TO THE READER.

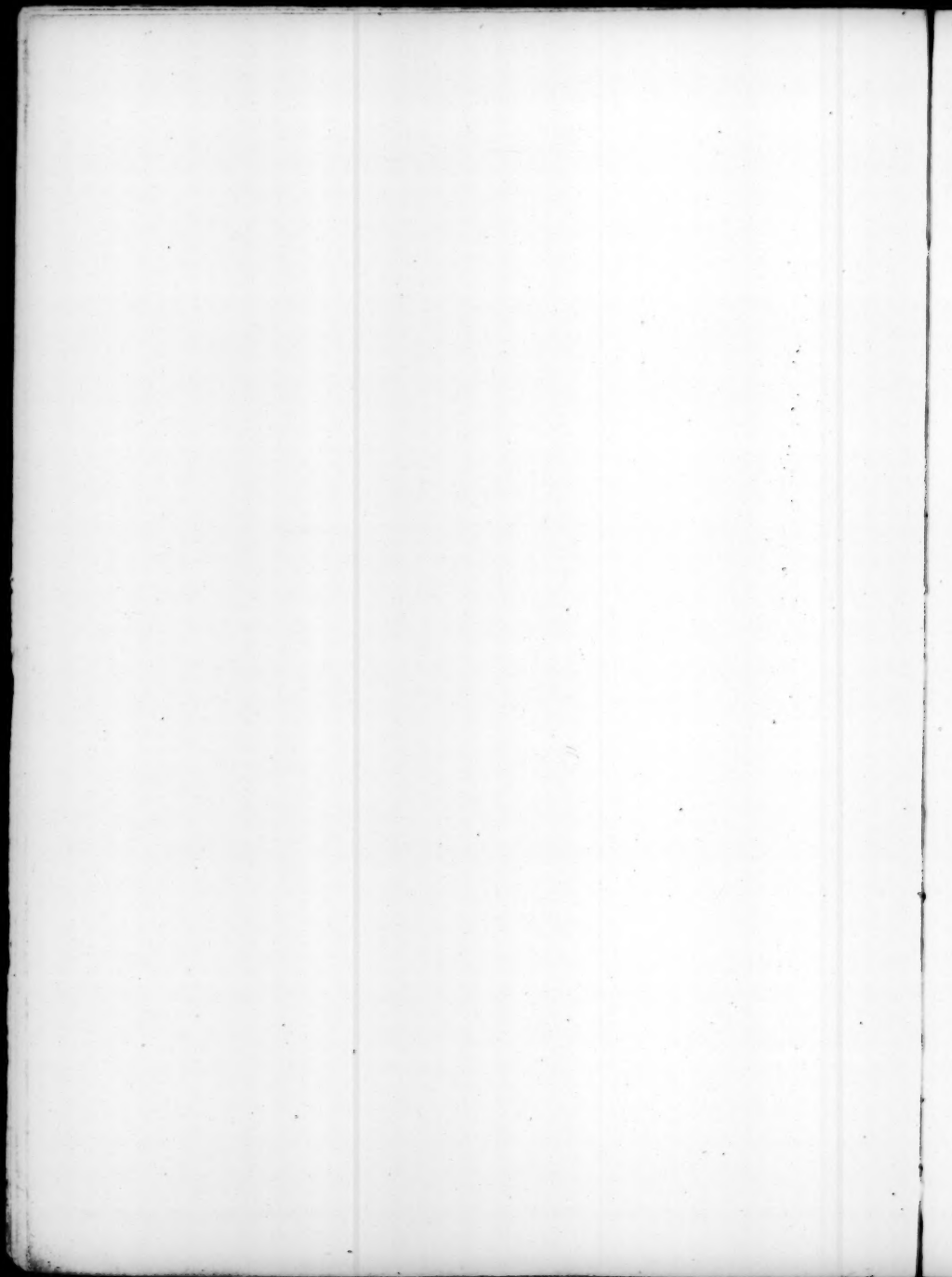
„ government, when his conscience can not but suggest to
 „ him, upon sufficient evidence, some notices of y^e Kings
 „ courage surpassing any cleare particular can be attributed
 „ to that *more bold, or more fortunate, then valiant Rebelle*; &
 „ some practices of his personall prudence in y^e difficulties
 „ (which have been too many & too intrigued) his Matie has
 „ encountred, as, accompanied with other divine and Royall
 „ excellences, render him to all that can or will see their
 „ iuster through y^e cloud of His misfortunes, to fit a mode-
 „ ratour of all incidents to the regiment of three kingdomes,
 „ as any Prince in y^e Christian world. I may presume too
 „ farre without commission, but what every man has from
 „ Truth, that knowes it, if I instance to M^r Waller (who needs
 „ no such instruction) in y^e most excellent endowments,
 „ both naturall & acquired, His Matie is possesd of. [y^e ori-
 „ ginal iustice & clemencie of his disposition, sagacitie of
 „ spirit & soliditie of judgement steadinesse in Religion, wi-
 „ thin the liberties allowed by Christian Charitie, & prece-
 „ dent, for compliance whereinsoever it may oblige & satis-
 „ fie dissenting parties, upon *conscience*, not *interest*, in *sacris*
 „ never to be intended. Constancie of resolution, what ere
 „ otherwise, Malice, or Curiosity, or lealouſie may have
 „ observed (in more rigour then good maners) from any
 „ short retreat to new Counsells, or bystep to convenience,
 „ when importunately represented; Equalitie of temper
 „ upon all indignities, injuries, necessitie, hazard; Majestike
 „ freeness, with election & providence, in his graces; The
 „ mixture of a noble & courteous Gentleman with the state
 „ & grandure of an highborne Prince, in conversation and
 „ admission of addresses to him. *The fortitude of y^e stoutest He-
 „ roe, the mercifullnesse of y^e softest Virgin, & y^e fidelitie in perfor-
 „ ming word & promise of the devoutest Priest.* To all which, &
 „ much more that M^r Waller knowes might be added, without
 „ flatterie or desigue, let us adjuſt so many yeares unfortuna-
 „ te

TO THE READER.

„ te varietie of experience in y^e persons languages, customes,
 „ mysteries &c. of foreigne Courts & Countreyes, such as no-
 „ ne of his Majesties Ancestours had opportunitie or miserie
 „ enough to attaine unto, (surpassing all y^e homebred scru-
 „ tinies & subtilties of y^e *Vsurper*, or all his outlying ungene-
 „ rous discoveries by mercenarie espials) of invaluable ad-
 „ vantage to the perpetuall policie of His kingdomes, if taken
 „ from His person, with y^e lively Comentarie of his reigne,
 „ and practike exercise on his Throne; not borrowed from
 „ his dead memoriall, to garnish a future Historie, or y^e Mo-
 „ nument of His Subjects *too-late loyalty* to Him in his Grave.
 „ The summe of all which, and what more is left to y^e scatterd
 „ character in fame, on accidentall observation, is y^e Pytha-
 „ goreans motto of an accomplish't Prince. Οὐδὲν ἄριστον ἔστιν.
 „ *He has nothing like a Tyrant, nothing unlike a King.*] So y^e.
 here ! here ! had been more proper worke for Mr Waller,
 where he might have soard' upon y^e wing of an Eagle, while
 he tund' his layes to Apollo's Lyre, & curld his Muse by
 the miroir of y^e Sun; not so unworthy of himselfe, have
 stoupt to dip her feather in a dunghill, not made her swiſme
 such a solemne course in fogges & filth, y^e poysoned breath
 of serpents & roades, glooming on y^e surface of a Lake,
 and to chatter like a swallow in a storme. But reputation is
 not regarded when neither honour nor honesty is had in
 purpose. My desire is, what I here present, by, & from the
 hand of integritie & Truth, may remove whatsoever pre-
 judice the slie artifice of y^e *Poëtike* *Rebell* hath wrought into
 y^e hearts of such as otherwise are capable to, readmit y^e
 image & be consign'd to y^e obedience of their now *exild*
King, & *rejected God*, presuming no deluded soul dispos-
 selfd' of one but by a sinfull & dangerous (I hope not de-
 perate) dereliction of the other. Nor am I so great appre-
 hension of Mr Wallers sharpest *Satyre*, as hope of his *Peni-
 tentiall Palinode*, yet not to be sung, but sighd' & wept out at
 y^e two

TO THE READER.

y^e two Tribunals of Heaven & Earth, where I as heartily
 wish him pardon, as I doe y^e rigour of justice and revenge,
 if he perseveres, as he promiseth, the *Panegyrist* of *rebellion*,
hypocrisie, & yet unchastised *murder* leaving thee, my Rea-
 der, in y^e same capacitie of *hell* or *happinesse*, as thou usest
 my intimations, which thinke of seriously at those minu-
 tes, when our phantastike Poëtry is throw'n aside, & thou
 prostrate in his presence, y^e Veile of which thou behold'st
 to have a more stringent & awing luster then y^e swords &
 jewells wherewith Guilt & Robberie have now chargd'
 the Cabinet at White-Hall or Hampron Court, which Veile
 hereafter drawne, or y^e sparkling starres that beautifie it
 run all about the Centre of thy Soul & Body into one en-
 circling light, thou shalt with *ravishment* or *horror* see Him
 that sitteth upon the Cloud from whose mouth thou must
 then expect *thy sentence for an eternitie of miserie or blisse*, as
 thou plightest thy fayth, and payest thy obedience, to Him
 that is or Him that ought to be ownd' thy Sovereaigne, &
 placed upon the British Throne. *A Dieu,*





ON THE STORMES
HAPPENING ABOUT
THEIR
PROTECTOVS DEATH
BY
M^r WALLER.

We must resigne ; Heav'n his great Soul doth claime
In stormes as lowd as his Immortall fame :
His dying groanes, her last breath, shakes our Isle ;
And Trees uncutt fall for his funerall pile :
About his Palace their proud roots are tost,
Into the aire. Thus Romulus was lost,
New Rome in such a Tempest lost her King,
And from Obeying fell to Worshipping.
On Oera's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruind' Okes & Pines about him spread,
Those his last fury from the Mountaine rent,
Our dying Hero from the Continent
Ravish't whole Townes, & forts from Spaniards'reft,
As his last Legacy to Britaine left.
The Ocean, which so long our hopes confind,
Could give no limits to his Vaster mind,
Our bounds enlargement was his latest toyle,
Nor ha's he left us Prisoners in our Isle :
Vnder the Tropique is our Language spoke,
And Part of Flanders hath receivd' our yoke.
From Civill broyles he did us disengage,
Found Nobler objects for our Martial Rage;
D

And

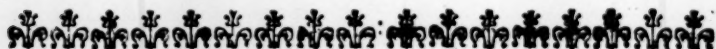
THE STORME.

And with wise Condu& to his Country shoud'
The ancient way of Conquering abroad.

Vngratefull then, if we no teares alow
To him that gave us Peace and Empire too.

Princes, that feard' him grievd', concernd' to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.

Nature herselfe tooke notice of his death,
And sighing swelld' the Sea with such a breath,
That to remotest shores her billowes rolld'
Th'approching fate of their Great Ruler told.



THE ANSWER

BY

A LOYAL GENTLEMAN:

Waller, your *Cromwell*, and the *Stygian* host,
The *Flouds* & *Whirlwinds* that conveighd' his *Ghost*,
Should passe for me, Nay, you might praise mens crimes
As *Servant*, & as *Poët* of the *Times*.

But can I brooke that your inconstant hand
Should bring such sprigs of bayes, t' adorne a land
Where Woods of Laurell grew, whose sword in *Spaine*
Gave orders by her *Prince*, what King should raigne:
Whose forces populous *France* could not repell,
And therfore gave her *Crowne*, and *Isabell*;
Who conquerd' *Cyprus*, reskued *Palestine*
From the rude hand of the proud *Saracin*;
And spred her fame, supported on such Wings,
Vnder the Condu& of her lawfull *Kings*.

Sure 'tis no wisdom, now she is opprest,
To yexe her *Genius* with that poore acquést,

And

THE STORME.

And make her boast of a Walld' piece of Sand,
Ownd' as the purchase of a foreigne hand.

Your *Tropique Isle* is but a remote Cage
For English Victims, when *New Spaine* shall rage.

And from your Peace arise Warre's lasting seeds,
The outward Wound is skind', but the Heart bleeds.

Vhy by extolling this meane Recompence
Would you revive the thought of her Expençe?
She might forget one *Tyrant* had squeezd' more
Of Treasure from her then ten *Kings* before.

If you would know why Nature that foresaw
Your *Tyrants* death trangressd' her Common law,
And sighd' a *Storme* that did ungrapple Woods,
And rolld' the billowes of the High-swol'ne floods;
She was afraid that *Parricide* would fill
Her vast extent with that dissolved *Ill*.

That Monster-queller, Vanquisher of Crimes,
Why name you him in your officious rimes?
What likenesse can you fancy these two had,
Villasse you meane to tell us, *both dyed mad?*

Somewhat indeed *Great Romulus* supplied,
But 'twas the lesser Crime of *Fratricide*.

Had Ages past bin priviledgd' to use
The talent of so *prostitute a Muse*,
Rome should have mournd' in Verse o're *Nero's* grave;
And *Pilate* would not want an Epitaph.



ANOTHER ANSWER
BY
THE AVTHOR
OF
THE ANTI-PANEGYRIKE.

WALLER.

We must resigne, Heav'n his great Soul doth claime
In stormes as lowd as his Immortall fame &c.

ANSWER.

You must resigne, Heav'n retriues few Soules,
That carkaises leave proper food for fowles;
Nor deignes alike, to the *Converted Thiefe*,
And *Irrepentant Regicide*, reliefe.
From that *White-Hall* who would not mercy sue,
To 'th' *Prince of Darknesse* is awarded due,
Claimd' in such language as his *Furies* speake,
Whose sentence, wrapt in *clouds*, in *stormes* must breake
While *Fame*, with *lightning* winged, hasts to tell
The World's foure corners *justice done in Hell*:
How, when that *curst Soule* was to expire,
The *Windes* were all let loose to blow the *Fire*;
For quick descent to the *bloud-guilty Ghost*,
Earth threw her entrailles up, their rootes *Trees* tost.
The *Night-bird* waiting till the dying tone
Despaire breathd' in a dismall *Mandrakes* grone:
Though some, to elevate his guilt, maintaine,
That *funke* not *Charon*, but the *Hurricane*.

Waller.

THE STORME.

WALLER.

————— Thus Romulus was lost.
New Rome in such a Tempest lost her King,
And from obeying fell to worshiping.

ANSWER.

So was *Rome* quit from her *Wolfe-suckled Thing*,
Who of a *Cottager* would be a *King*;
Onely Her nobler *Senate*, for redresse,
The *salvage Soul* themselves did dispossesse,
And tore asunder the devoted breast
That stalld' the *Foster-Spirit* of a *Beast*;
From *Cures* fetcht, the *Scepter* sure to sway,
The *Prince* that brought them *Priest* and *Holy-day*,
If that be to *Obey*; to *worship*, this;
You are brave *Romans*, to doe both amisse.

WALLER.

On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay dead
With ruind' *Oaks* and *Pines* about him spread.

ANSWER.

Mad Hercules on *Oeta's* summit stood,
Clothd' in a sheet of *selfe-revenging Blood*;
And, though not guilty of a *ruind' Isle*,
By unseen *Fate* was forc't to build his *Pile*.
Horrours more sharpe stings did your *Tyrant* pricke,
Who died both *Hypocrite* and *Heretike*.
Disquid' convinced *Reason* in his *Vill*;
Departed with lesse *honesty*, then *skill*.
Inexorable Nemesis ashamd'
That her confronted power should be defamd';
That crimes, *defiance* bidding to her *fear*,
By *Precedent* should punishd' be, or *Peer*;

THE STORME.

No *Oakes*; nor blazing *Pines*, about him spread,
But stifled *Conscience* in a *fether-bed*;
Then in a *Whirl-wind* hurried it to feel
Th' eternal torture of a *turning wheel*;
Or what may judged be a fitter doom
By th' *injur'd Shades* in their *Elyzium*.

Such as fell prostrate in y^e walled *Chace*
Adord' the *Ancient Genius* of the *Place*
Who his retirement keepes, and *Tarasse Walkes*,
On which in *Tempests* with the *Windes* he talkes,
Wrapt in the last breath of his *murther'd Lord*,
And the blouds *reflesse vapours*, these the word
Revenge articulate in *midnight cries*,
Fright waking *Rebells*, yet deceive their *spies*;
Which non dispatched to Earths utmost bound,
Summons *lust Powers* to see the *right Heire* crown'd.

W A L L E R.

Those his last fury from the Mountaine rent;
Our dying Hero from the Continent
Ravish't whole Townes, and Forts from Spaniard's rest,
As his last legacy to Britaine left.

A N S W E R.

There may be *Forts* in *Isle* and *Continent*,
Like some *coy Virgins*, ravish't by consent;
And *Flemmish* modesty may lesse withstand,
When an *Italian* ha's the *Rape* in hand.

If *Dunkirque* had not lost her gallant *Squire*,
You had advanc't but in *isch* and *desire*.

Borborg without her *Cingle* and *green shield*,
Was but *Neglect* surprized in the *field*,
Howe're you must for *Fort-or Cstie-Wench*
Thanke the more nimble *Ravisher* the *French*.

But

THE STORME.

But what if *French* and *Spaniard* once agree?
Britaine may forfeit *Nero's legacie*.

WALLER.

The Ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his Vaster mind.

ANSWER.

No Element could limit his *Designe*,
Who meant to sap *Heav'n* by a *Golden Mine*;
But your *New Audis* will not pay the cost
For so much *powder* spent, more *labour* lost.

WALLER.

Our bounds enlargement was his latest toyle,
Nor ha's he left us Prisoners in our Isle;
Vnder the Tropique is our Language spoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our yoke.

ANSWER.

Your bounds enlargement did the *Hero* serve
But, whom he could not *hang* nor *draw*,* to *serve*;
And the transported *Prisoners* of your *Iste*
Became againe such in the *Tropique* style;
At best, your planting *Colonies* men take
For a remove from *Chatnes* to *Spade* and *Rake*.
And thinke the *Yoke* now layd on *Flanders* neck,
When *Spain* and *France* shall reünite, will breake,
For all you winde along the *Coasting Land*,
Which you count *Cable*, is a *Repe* of *Sand*.

* to his
Party.

WALLER.

From Civill broyles he did us disengage;
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage.

So

THE STORME.

A N S W E R.

So by deceitfull *Asbes Fire* suppress
Has a concealed *Fury* reincrease;
And a forc't *Deluge* is the sad effect
Of an enraged *Torrent* boldly checkt.

Those *Nobler Objects* must their pedegree
Fetch higher then from *Man* and *Monarchie*;
For all his *Projects* could create no doubt
In a wise breast, but against both he fought,
And on *confounded Government* a *Throne*
In fancie rais'd, that he might *reigne alone*.
Man-Monarchie I sayd he chac't, the rest
Being but the *Monsters* worrying the *Beast*.

Two Roman Furies, and one lapsed Ghost,
Renouncing Peer, Prince, God, his Soul ingroft.

W A L L E R.

And with wise conduct to his Countrey shoud'
The ancient way of Conquering abroad.

A N S W E R.

Our ancient *Princes* have in foreigne Lands
Their *Standards* fixt, embattell'd their *Bands*
For *Honour* or *Religion*; but He
Ravish'd for dirt & pure *Necessitie*.

The whistling *murmure* heard, and *cloud* espied,
To set spurres to his *Sea-Horse*, and outride,
Was the preventive of a *threatning Fate*
From a *Wrong'd King* against a *Rebell State*.

Like caution use men in a Flaming Towne,
Pull downe their Neighbours house, to save their owne.

Waller.

THE STORME.

WALLER.

Vngratefull then if we no teares allow
To him that gave us Peace and Empire too.

ANSWER.

Abandond' Wretch to *Flattery* and *Shame*;
Doeſt thou pay *Teares* and *Tribute* to that *Name*
Which *Heav'n* and humane *Vertue* perſecutes
With *Revenge* and unbounded *Hate*! reputes
The *Eccho* of *Impiety*! and what
Muſt chara^{cter} a *Mifcreant*, calls *That*!
Could thy *Heart Marble* be! and frozen *Eyne*
Congele to *Ice*! become true *Cryſtalline*!
Were thy *Poëtike Braines* turn'd *Adamant*,
Such as *Bloud* could not *ſoften*, but *enchant*
To ſtubborne ſtiffeneſſe, when *Great Charles's Waine*
Was drench'd in an *Erythraean Main*!
Now breake all into *Teares*! By meaſur'd' *Art*
Lament th' or'eturning of a *Brewers Cart*!
Pluto's Præcentour! Call'ſt thou *Vs* to ſing
A *Dirge* for the *Slave* that kill'd' his *King*!
Then goe and pay the *more-repentant Iew*,
That crucified thy *Saviour* prayſes due;
Of *Martyrd Limbs* raiſe for *Iſcariot*
A *Mauſoléan Tombe*, that layd the plot;
Weep at y^e memorie of his *Deceaſe*
That *Hell* enlarg'd', whoſe *Fury* is thy *Peace*.

WALLER.

Princes that feard' him grievd' concern'd' to ſee
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.

F

Abuſd'

THE STORME.

ANSWER.

Abusd' Credulity ! They rather *scorn'd* ;
Tell me, which of thy *grieved* Princes *mourn'd* ?
Demand their suffrage ; If they would not have
All their owne *Rebells* throw'n into his *Grave* ?
That their concernment is ; They joy to see
Fort-Rebell from *Surprise* and *Storme* not free.

WALLER.

Nature her selfe tooke notice of his death,
And sighing swell'd the Sea with such a breath
That to remotest Shoares her billowes rold'
Th' approaching fate of their Great Ruler told.

ANSWER.

Nature toke solemne notice ; At his *trance*
Invited all the or'e-wrought *Waves* to *dance* ;
Made aged *Neptune* with his *Trident* clime
Vp *Dover-Cliffe* , to *Æolus* give time ;
Each other gratulate deliverie
From *smoke* , and *rage* , and roving *Piracie*.
The billowes , that remotest shoares could reach,
Lay downe and laughed on the foming *Beach* ;
And We , whom *Vers* in *Panegyres* had *vest* ,
Wish'd *Fate* might cut the *Poëts* halter next.
For such , when *Kings* are *exild* , *Rebells* dead,
As *laugh* , and *weep* , she twists no other *thread*.

FINIS.

